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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Telephone Whispers.

Four Novelettes.

By Earnest Thatcher.

NO. I.

OSAWAGAH'S MARRIAGE;

OR, THE PREHISTORIC INDIAN MAIDEN.

NO. II.

MARY MORELAND;

OR, SUCCESS WRESTED FROM DISAPPOINTMENT

NO. III.

LOU POMROY;

OR, AN INNOCENT GIRL SAVED FROM THE GALLOWS.

NO. IV.

HUSBANDRY;

OR, "CATCHING FISH ON LOFTY HILLS."

HENRY HYSON, Publisher,

NO. 97 GENESEE STREET, AUBURN, N. Y.

1884.

Telephone Whispers.

Poem Novelettes,

BY

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
OSAWAGAH'S MARRIAGE	7
MARY MORELAND	17
LOU POMEROY	33
HUSBANDRY	49

PREFACE.

Of the sweet delicious Ginseng
That basks in Heaven's sweetest smiles,
Bestowing its mite of sunshine
To cheer the rugged ways of man,
Few are they who live at this day
Who know its history and fame
Or why it e'en a price should bear.
But steam from the singing kettle
Helped Robert to run his steamboat
Against the river's rushing tide—
To astonish nations 'round him
And by Washington place his name.
And so this trembling Ginseng plant
Helped an Emperor to his bride,
Led to lives of joyous sunshine
And became souvenir of joy.

Its home 'mong the Dakotas and the Sioux
Where the dense forest shuts the sun from view,
On the banks of each wild murmuring stream
That wanders like a restless poet's dream,
There, 'mid tufts of moss and the adder tongue,
Hath it flourished, unhonored and unsung.

The pale-face beholdeth no worth in *thee*.
No virtue, no valuable quality;
But far, far away, on another shore,
A nation who boasts wealth in ancient lore,
Sees in thee treasures with values untold
More precious than pearls or rubies or gold.
Of this wonderful infatuation
And its value 'mong the Chinese nation.
Its circumstance and association,
Its origin, growth and culmination,
We now unfold as a sweet ovation.

OSAWAGAH'S MARRIAGE.

MANY hundred years in the long ago,
There lived in the land where the tea-plants grow
A powerful king, whose wealth, it is said,
Furnished Cleopatra a diamond bed.
Hwhangti, the autocrat of the Chinese,
Whose empire was washed by two mighty seas,
On his dying couch, so tradition tells,
Chose Egypt for his first-born's espousals,
And the prophets and wise men of his realm
And the chiefs of the imperial helm
In mute conclave sought from Allah a sign
To approve or not the king's last design.
Yang Ling, the best and wisest of his seers,
After listening long, thus addressed his peers,
"Egypt's queen is nought but a petted child,
And, though now pure, is yet to be beguiled.
Great Cæsar yet will occupy her throne,
And their doubtful acts voiced in every zone.
Cleopatra will sell her soul for fame
And laugh to scorn the honor of a name.
She'll hold place only by beauty's power
And this only through youth's enchanting hour.

Seek thou among thy maidens, tall and fair,
With glossy braids of longest pendent hair,
Whose beauty, ne'er polluted by the veil,
Shines in her olive eyes and lengthened nail.
Hang this magic needle on her finger,
And while we pray and in silence linger,
Let her take the way the needle may guide
And a hundred steps shall disclose his bride:
And the disclosure shall produce the charm
That shall shield the Emperor from all harm,
Shall cure his aches and banish every pain
And bring him back to health and love again."

So the fairest maiden at length was chose,
From toward the east where the proud Kiang flows.
The timid maid, glad thro' the seer's command,
Took the trembling needle in her fair hand,
And started on the delightful mission,
That was now to disclose the position
Which the future Emperor should command
Among the nations of the sea and land.

She traversed the hundred paces over
Brushing the dew drops from off the clover,
And there a noble youth chose by the seer
Should meet the maid when to the goal drew near.
He flung a veil over her features fair
With manliness fervent and debonnaire—
Gazed in her eyes if love was mirrored there:
A love in which he longed for largest share.
He had far rather bid them all depart,
Then caught the trembling maiden to his heart.
And while the Emperor was left to wait
The slow approach of his impending fate,
And the son's bright future left all untold,

Could he have her love which could ne'er be sold,
Or bartered for gems, or glittering gold,
In his own yacht upon the wild ocean,
Happy in the maiden's soul devotion,
He would have traveled o'er the breaker's foam,
And sought in blissful lands a happy home.

But while the veil her beauteous face o'erspread,
And her bright eyes closed like the palsied dead,
She stooped; and the first thing her hand sho'd press
Should the king's future history confess.
Behold a tender herb, clasped in her hand,
That flourished at the seaside in the sand,
She plucked, and holding aloft to their gaze,
Saying, "'Tis this unveils life's mighty maze!"
Then the wise man took the herb and blessed it,
Then dug in the sand deep beneath it's pit,
And discovered a stone ne'er seen before
Upon the land or upon either shore;
A mottled marble, yellow, black and blue,
Was slowly upturned and brought into view.
And the wise man said: "Far beyond the sea,
Where this rock abounds in its purity,
Away on the Pacific's eastern side,
Shall our famed young Emperor find his bride."
And because the herb fashioned like a man,
And bore the color of their native clan,
With long roots for legs and rootlets for arms,
The seer environ'd it with many charms;
And dedicating it to ancient Meng,
'Twas henceforth known by the name of Ginseng.
Hwhangti, who had long suffered from disease,
Took the Ginseng as the wise man decrees,
And by which, their obscure traditions tell,
He was rejuvenated and made well,

And restored, with lease of life long to run
He'd now fulfill predictions for his son.

Soon an outfit was ready for the sea
Manned by the chivalrous sons of China.
These bedecked the Kiang's bright sunny shore
And many rich treasures of varied store.
Great battering rams and munitions of war
With a vast commissariat on board—nor
Were forgot the fair emblems of their art
And literature, with which to cheer the heart.
The fleet now ready, the king took command
And sought to find an undiscovered land,
Where, far to the east of the Chinese shore,
He should find the one his soul should adore.

Days, weeks and months passed wearily away.
But their hearts were hopeful, joyous and gay,
Though only their ships in th' trough of the sea
And sweep of heaven were all they could see.
One day as the king sat upon the deck,
Looking at his fleet in distance a speck,
A strange bird came careening o'er his head
And caught the mast as though its strength was spent.
The King shot forth an arrow straight and fleet
And brought down the bird dying at his feet.

In the bird's stomach there reposed a ring—
And fastened to the body 'neath the wing.
Lay folded, as if done by woman's power,
A beautiful pearl like a Ginseng flower.
On the leaflets hieroglyphics were seen,
And ne'er seen before, none knew what they mean.
Small hieroglyphics the ring also bore,
In a language he'd never met before.

From this circumstance he took hope again
And sped onward over the troubled main.
Other days and others still came and went
Till his soul within began to repent
That he'd started upon a trackless sea
To solve the mysteries of eternity.
But one fair morn the sun in beauty rose,
Bringing to the heart the bliss it bestows,
And to their joy, their eyes could now explore
And see cities resplendent on the shore.*

Fer Americus Vespucci the famed—
He, after whom America was named,
Long ages before Columbus was born,
Or landed on these shores sad and forlorn,
While yet the Rocky Mountains were a plain,
On which were grown vast fields of golden grain.
This ancient folk, as antiquities tell,
Came to being, grandly flourished and fell.

*The reader must permit a digression, necessary to establish from history certain circumstances, corroborative of the subjects discussed in the elaboration of our story.

The Aztecs were a race of people supposed to have come across the ocean from Asia, in the Sixteenth Century of our era. They occupied the fertile plateau of Anahuac, or Mexico. They found the country rich and fertile, and occupied by a remnant of an anterior and powerful people, who had left monuments of their greatness, of their arts and sciences, and superior civilization. From these the Aztecs learned many of the arts of life, the cultivation of the soil, and the working of metals.

At first the new-comers seemed to live in harmony with the former inhabitants, but gradually the new and hardier tribes began to encroach upon the weaker, which finally led to a long series of wars, and eventually to extinction.

The Aztecs had their rise and fall, and final extermination also. The Indian flourished upon the same ample fields, but he, too, is passing away to the realm of song and tradition. It is with the original people, who preceded the Aztecs, that our legend has to do—a people whose chronology is equal with the reign of Cæsar in Rome, Cleopatra in Egypt and Hwhangti in China, at a date anterior to the birth of Christ.

I have scanned the imperishable stones
That for ages lay buried with their bones,
And as their dust lies silent in repose,
We record what their inscriptions disclose.

In primeval fame Egypt had its clans—
These were united on certain fixed plans,
And certain characteristics, the base,
Which should forever distinguish the race.
Among these many clans a class was known
Superior to others in mental tone;
An aristocracy based upon mind,
Who were skilled in science and arts refined.
This clan th' flower of the Asiatic race,
Long strove to free from slavery and disgrace.
The neighboring tribes, who through brutal force
Were crushed down by military resource.
This people, their souls could brook no restraint—
Nor bear the laws their freedom could attaint;
And at length, they in mutual conclave
Determined on a plan themselves to save
From unjust taxation and tyranny
Their government had forced in irony.

From the eastern cape of Asia, a fleet
Was manned and her equipments made complete,
Which started east other lands to explore
And discover some hospitable shore,
Where they could find a home and peace and rest,
Where all, alike, with freedom should be blest.

A few days' sail they found Alaska's shore
Where the foot of man never trod before.
What is known on maps as the Behring's Straits
Was the channel they crossed—led by the Fates—

Led to a land where flowed honey and oil,
Where Freedom springs eternal from the soil.
A few short years passed rapidly away
And this fair clan became a colony,
And from a colony they multiplied
And grew into power and laudable pride:
Established manufactures and schools,
And youths were taught the usefulness of tools.
Their government was based on equal rights—
And moneyed aristocracy—that blights
And shrivels up the conscience and the soul,
Was left behind for some meaner clan's goal.
Intellect, genius and education
Were the base on which to plant a nation,
Virtue, Liberty and eternal Truth
Were for aye, to perpetuate its youth.
And tho' the nations were swept off the land,
Yet, by Allah's infallible command,
Brotherly love should forever prevail,
And the springtime of Freedom never fail.
They settled first around the Behring Sea
But owing to climate, passed a decree,
That they'd leave the straits for a future race
To establish in its historic grace,
A tunnel extending from shore to shore
Through which the rail car yet should hiss and roar;
And upon which the new world's lusty braves
Should ocean cross to their ancestors' graves.

From this, migrated to more southern clime
Where they found all nature in youthful prime;
Eternal sunshine, warmth and pleasant showers,
Nutritious roots, fruits, and delicious flowers.

Here on the borders of the great ocean
They made their homes mid prayer and devotion,

And grew to become a mighty nation
Satisfied in peace and situation.

At this epoch the little Chinese fleet
Guided by Hwuangti's son so discreet,
Crossing the unknown Pacific ocean,
Were greeted with fraternal devotion.
They were met as they landed on the beach
With all the parade that fine arts could teach;
And escorted to the court of the nation
Where they enjoyed a most grand ovation.
Hwhangti made known the grandeur of his birth —
That he controlled the grandest realm of earth—
Whose people were like the sands of the sea
But bound as slaves and knew not liberty.

Gradually he unfolded the great scheme
That took origin in the wise man's dream,
Then showed the ring he so strangely possessed
And the bright pearl that nestled to the breast
Of the strange bird, that his future unfurled,
And predicted nearness to the new world.
He was introduced to the maidens fair—
Fairer than those his own land could compare,
And they vied with each in most winsome ways
To be attractive to his thought and gaze.
One of the wise men had a fair daughter,
Who from bright eyes was called "Laughing Water."
Of all the maidens of that beautiful land
She was most beautiful, loving and bland.
The young Emperor's heart taken by surprise
Fell deep in love with her beautiful eyes—
And hoping Fate had marked her for his own
The diamond ring to this fair maid was shown.
She explained how a falcon, her own pet,

Had wandered away to her great regret—
And bore a rich pearl attached to its breast
Which was her sainted mother's last behest.
The gem bore the initials of her name—
And the name of her mother known to fame,
As she was the daughter of Lodaguah,
And, in childhood, named her Osawagah.

Whereupon the young King produced the pearl,
Together with the ring, and the fair girl
Rejoiced to receive her treasure once more,
But wept at the news which the stranger bore
Of the strange death of her beautiful bird,
And its strange wanderings which she mutely heard.
Said he, "Osawagah, the Fates decree
That more than the bird I must be to thee.
I read in this and in the skies above
That we were designed each other to love.
I offer thee my hand, my wealth and crown
And positions of honor and renown,
If you will consent to become my wife
And from your heart give sunshine to my life.
So 'mid th' eclat of the realm they were wed—
And once more the little fleet homeward sped;
And received congratulations at home
Without ever a desire more to roam.
Rejoicing in the fame of ancient Meng
And the blessing of Fates over Ginseng.

MARY MORELAND,

OR

SUCCESS WRESTED FROM DISAPPOINTMENT.

A STORY OF THE REBELLION.

AT a period during the progress of the Rebellion which was inaugurated in 1861 in the United States, there was received at the Dead Letter Office in the city of Washington, a letter, which had of course failed to reach its intended destination, and upon being opened, which was the custom, it disclosed certain circumstances which had already become a part of history; and my friend, then Chief Clerk in that office, knowing of the fact of my acquaintance with the parties, it was entrusted to my care. There existing at this time no reason for its further suppression or secrecy, I herewith transcribe the letter, and finally proceed to associate with it the subsequent and singular history of the persons interested:

Dear Mary: Ten years ago this May-day, while the bethroot blossomed in the wood, while the song of happy birds blended with sweet perfumes was wafted over the earth on balmy breezes, and the morning-glory at your window welcomed with smiles your early rising, happy as the lambs that gamboled over the plains basking in the bliss of sunshine and young life, you and I, hand in hand, in youthful innocense and mutual trust, sought beauty among

the flowers, pleasure in song, contentment among the lambs and happiness with each other.

> Oh, would that I was a boy again.
> When life seemed formed of sunny years,
> When your voice and smiles dispelled each pain
> And dried the fountains of my tears.

But the happy dreams of youth have passed away as do other dreams, and many sad changes have thwarted my hopes and thrown their chilling shadows across my pathway since then.

I have grown to manhood, achieved honors as a student, have been flattered and neglected, praised and blamed, sought and avoided. Notwithstanding these mutations and the change in my aspirations for distinction, wealth and fame, changed in my heart also, I trust, and my soul's longings brought into harmony with that great Soul which pervades all space, and is near unto those who call upon Him, yet, my heart is sad—it weeps over empty space—an aching void that pleads to be filled!

In my developing boyhood it was not needful that I confessed my love for you—the acts of my childhood had disclosed this, and as I grew older and when my trembling heart would have confessed it, your eyes seemed gazing away in the distance, like one watching a distant ship over which brooded some dread fate. Shyly you introduced other subjects of thought, my heart would grow quiet again and I tried to forget the object nearest to the consummation of my happiness, which was an expression that you loved me in return.

Once, I handed you some stanzas; but in reading them you smiled, and would not look sober, so I hid the sentiment away in my heart which I thought might introduce the precious subject, and the manuscript I afterward consigned to the flames. It ran thus:

> "Woman! Thou'rt surely the bright light that cheereth
> Each hour that we pass in life's dreary waste,
> And he who without thee his gloomy way beareth
> Must tire long before his journey is traced.
> For who, when the toil of the day overtake him,
> Can lighten the cares that press on his brow,
> And lean on his breast when all others forsake him
> And bid him in sorrow be happy? 'Tis thou."

It will doubtless be news to you to learn that I have just graduated from the R. Theological Seminary; have entered the Union Army, and hold a commission as Chaplain with the rank and pay of Captain. I hope to be of service to those who have left the endearing associations of home and society and gone forth to struggle with the nation's assassins. I would rejoice if you would condescend to send reply to this letter, and say that I might address you with the hope of renewing the pleasant acquaintance of the past, and that perchance some day when my government shall not need my services I

may return and renew the friendship of former years; a friendship that with me ripened into love that can never be satisfied until I know it is reciprocated.

Ever Yours,

ROBERT J. GRAVES.

Poor Robert never received an answer to his affectionate letter.

Though oft he gazed toward the rising sun
As though his rays were to bring him one.
Oft in day dreams did he sadly say:
"How soon faded from her life away!"
Sad and weay, his soul long unblest,
He watched the sun as it sank to rest,
Saying: "Oh, could I gain a single word
That should speak a joy so long deferred.
T would transform bliss out of fiercest strife
And lend a soul to my soulless life.
Ah, could we renew the joys of the past,
What soul would not buffet the whirlwind's blast!"

About twelve months subsequent to the date of this letter, Robert obtained from his commander a furlough. To confess the truth he was unhappy in his situation, and whereas Pope says:

"Hope springs eternal from the human breast
Man never is but always to be blest."

Thus our young chaplain filled the prediction as relative to the unrest, but in the other respect he was despondent and nearly hopeless. However, having gained the privilege of absence, he determined to start out in some direction, and that he might travel more securely he dressed himself in the costume of a private soldier, and with knapsack packed he started for his boyhood home on the Hudson. Arriving at Chicago he took passage on a steamer up Lake Michigan, around Sault St. Mary, into Lake Huron to Collingwood, thence by rail to Toronto, Canada. Arriving in the twilight of evening he took a ramble about the city, contrasting the architecture of the

buildings with their high projecting roofs that met his gaze at every turn, with those of his own native land, signally reminding him that he was in a foreign country.

Interesting himself here and there, looking into the brilliantly lighted stores, hotels and saloons, turning hither and yonder for new discoveries, he at length found himself in a narrow alley but dimly lighted. Meeting a well dressed gentleman he enquired the direction to the Planter's Hotel, where he expected to spend the night.

The man seeing him arrayed in Uncle Sam's habiliments, said; "You are a stranger here I doubt not?"

Robert replied affirmatively.

"Soldier," said the man, "I have use for a stranger, and you Yankee people seem famous for performing most anything, even to making wooden hams, and leather boots from chaff and sawdust. Do you suppose, now, that you have genius enough to perform a marriage ceremony?"

"I reckon I might, for enough *sine qua non*," replied Robert, in the slang of the border states. For Robert's quick thoughts had already comprehended a deep scheme of evil contemplated, for which this gentleman was acting as a liveried tool, and hoping to learn more, he said:

"Yankees, from dwarfs like Tom Thumb up to the greatest giants, like Washington, always like to know what they are about and what is expected of them. When we know what is wanted we invent our own machines for its accomplishment."

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders at the name of Washington, doubtless recalling snatches of history.

Well, to explain, this is it, my man, a gay young nobleman stopping in our city has become enamored of a beautiful country girl, has courted and promised her fabulous wealth and exalted social position to marry him.

This bit of innocent fraud is to be performed to-night, and I am to procure a private citizen, who would like a

little fun, that has got head enough to perform the ceremony."

"And make it a farce, a deception?" replied Robert. "You maintain the Yankee's reputation for good guessing—but what is your price for this service?"

At first thought, Robert's soul painfully recoiled at such dastardly conniving, and he was about to say that none but an escaped convict would be likely to place a price upon such an act, or take part in the consummation of such a crime, when another thought came into his mind—the thought suggesting the possibility of protecting innocence, and averting the crime by reason of his official and ministerial relations. He therefore replied, "After due consideration, I will perform this labor for twenty pounds sterling."

"Very well; go with me to the great wardrobe and change your rig in a twinkling, for in Uncle Sam's clothes you make a shabby ministerial appearance."

Robert stepped in, selected him a suit appropriate for a particularly fastidious dominie, adjusted his new white cravat, put on his spotless kids—in the mean time had his soldier's rig placed in a satchel—and when he stepped out upon the pavement he received distinguished adulation from his new and very kind acquaintance who paid for the transmutation.

"I doubt if the whole Presbytery could make a capital minister out of very common material as quickly as I have done," said the trickster, complimenting his own genius. "All right," said Robert, "now place in my hand the twenty pounds and I am obedient to your service."

The money was transferred to the new pockets, and the journey was commenced. After a few minutes walk, they entered a hack and were driven on until arriving in the centre of the city. They were halted at a commanding edifice beautifully illuminated. Entering, Robert followed

the trickster through halls and passageways, up stairs and down, and finally into a small but splendidly furnished room.

There sat the "nobleman" on a rich sofa, a man about thirty years of age, possibly not over twenty-five, of pleasing countenance and genteel address.

Had he been familiar with the names of some indigenous plants, and could have conversationally utilized the names, telling of *eupatoreum*, *belladonna* and *rhus taxicodendron*, he would have successfully passed as a quack doctor, and with the advantages of wealth and genteel suavity, though even this may have been the extent of his ability, yet, doubtless, fame would have been emblazoned upon his escutcheon.

At a little distance from him and on one side of the room sat two ladies, one richly clad, a bridal veil hanging in rich folds over her face, of which only a vague outline could be distinguished. The other was introduced to Robert as a sister of the trickster, Miss Rodney, who like her brother, so called, was like their liege lord, at this time also acting the part of "nobleman." In the pasty complexion, tawdry dress, lascivious eyes and general deportment, Robert saw in the "sister," none other than a genteel saloon dancer.

Robert being introduced as Rev. Dr. Graves, he motioned the twain to stand upon their feet.

The "nobleman," stepping forward, grasped the hand of the trembling girl as though he had been accustomed to such adventures, and drawing her toward him placed her arm in his.

As Robert arose to begin the ceremony, a stray zephyr stealing in through the latticed window blew the bridal veil, exposing the most beautiful and angelic countenance that he ever beheld; and oh, it seemed so natural—

Like one transfixed and paralyzed Robert stood aghast,

and turning deadly pale, he staggered toward the seat, saying "No, no, I can never—" but before he could finish the sentence he fainted.

He was soon resuscitated, however, by placing him in a horizontal position and administering a dose of brandy.

When he was sufficiently recovered to comprehend the conversation, he was assured that somebody was to perform the service that night, and whispering in his ear, the "nobleman" notified him, "if he did not want to read his own obituary he had better proceed." After a moment's reflection Robert summoned his strength, once more arose, and proceeded slowly and solemnly to perform the ceremony at length, pronouncing them husband and wife, saying lastly, "what God in his incomprehensible providences hath determined to be, let no man strive to controvert."

Sitting down at the centre table, he wrote out the marriage certificate, and handing it to the young bride, he *pinched her finger* as he did so, warning her to cautiousness. Instinctively she immediately placed it in her bosom, after having seen that it was drawn in a proper manner.

Being notified that prayer as usually offered on such occasions would in this instance be dispensed with, owing to limited time to reach the train that was to convey them to Europe, upon their wedding journey, Robert was presently shown down and out of the apartment, and into a carriage waiting to convey him to his hotel.

Once seated in the vehicle he burst into tears, wildly muttering to himself, "There, my only childhood playmate, my own little Mary Moreland, the only being I ever loved, she to whom I wrote that long foolish letter, the most beautiful being on earth, I have performed the ceremony that has wedded her to another man, and he a vile wretch so unworthy! Oh God, how strange thy providences!"

Robert returned to his hotel in a state of mind better

imagined than expressed.

Part of the time he blamed himself for aiding in the nefarious scheme, and yet he foresaw that whatever course of opposition he might have introduced, intended to thwart their objects, by an overwhelming majority of opposition they would have still succeeded in deceiving the innocent girl, and at last, accomplished their purposes in a way perhaps much more to her detriment than a legitimate marriage. "And yet, selfishly enough," he argued, "what interest have I in this whole matter, after all? And what business is it to me, since she passed by my letter unnoticed—in which I had couched the acknowledgement of my affections for her. Truly "they that sow to the wind reap of the whirlwind."

The people to-day that are led astray
By position and the glitter of gold!
Deep sobs that are hushed and affections crushed,
And the misery and anguish untold!

* * * * * *

We must now reproduce an item of history.

In the St. Louis, Missouri, *Republican*, in one of its weekly issues in July or August, 1863, will be found an article containing the following facts: "The Paymaster of the U. S. A., in being escorted by a detachment of Col. Mc. F's command, from Sedalia, Mo., to some town in the interior counties, was attacked by a gang of rebels under Quantral, resulting in killing several of our men, and numerous horses, mules, and other valuables stolen. The mules that transported the paymaster's trunks were unhitched from the wagon and driven off, leaving the money behind, it having been over looked." The article continues: "Among the prisoners taken was an army chaplain who, in company with the command, was proceeding on his way in obedience to orders to proceed to Lexington, Mo."

Footsore and weary, and prohibited from riding, he was forced to walk before the horses, one being ridden on either side. At length, his strength giving out, he began perceptably to lag, whereupon one of the fiends by his side shouted out to him: "Hurry up there, parson, or you'll find the devil you preach about closer than you ever thought of."

"I must soon faint unless you permit me to ride," was the reply.

"Stand one side till I shoot him," said Quantral to his left hand man.

The poor, exhausted man threw up his hands, imploring mercy, but that instant there was a sharp report from the demon's rifle, and the chaplain fell to the earth, the horses trampling upon his body as pell-mell they hurried onward.

Fortunately, the bullet had missed its mark; and when out of sight the weary, wounded pilgrim extricated himself from the mud, and followed the trail back till he joined his straggling comrades. The Author was familiar with this circumstance, reported the facts substantially to the press, and can certify that this was Robert J. Graves, who was on his way to join his regiment.

The war went on, and the time sped on, but at length peace was promulgated throughout the land, and upon receiving honorable discharge from his country's service, the disconsolate chaplain, his soul refusing to be comforted only in experiencing the severest trials for his Master, he made application and obtained an appointment to a missionary field in China.

Arriving at Hong Kong and presenting his credentials, he was appointed to an important station in the interior, to which he immediately repaired.

On arrival at his station he found many things which were inviting, and which afforded him encouragement. A town of several thousand inhabitants, several good schools

in progress, and a large congregation who gave him cordial welcome. Peace once more, rest again, and with labor sought for, to interest his thoughts and soul, bespoke for him now a future with exemption from vicissitudes, but the unknown and multiplex changes incident to our lives keep up continual warfare with monotony and steadfastness, and thus it transpired, that ere he had been there a week, he was summoned to the bedside of one of the teachers who was supposed to be dying.

Upon being ushered into the presence of the sick lady, in the beautiful futures before him, the chiseled eyebrows, lofty forehead and smiling lips, he instantly recognized the one and only being who forever haunted his soul, the once loved and beautiful Mary Moreland. The brilliancy of her eyes, which is the index of health, of vital power and intellect, was now rapidly fading by the progress of disease, her hands were tremulous, and in a low, muttering delirium—

She told of the river and its sunlit shore
Where in joy she'd wandered in days of yore—
On that fair bright river laden with ships
While the name of Robert died on her lips.
Then her mind wandered to realms in the sky—
Pleading—Savior, when at last I shall die,
When my soul shall take wings upward to soar
May I meet Robert of childhood once more!

Robert summoned a physician as soon as possible, who upon careful examination pronounced the case an attack of pneumonia of great severity.

Wonder and astonishment were depicted in the chaplain's countenance, and days and sleepless nights he watched over the stricken being who had once been all the world to him. Oft he was reminded in her ravings of the scenes of their blissfull childhood. The purling stream beyond the hill, where together they caught the speckled trout, the four stumps in the pasture around which they played fox

and geese, and of the cool spring water that in a tiny cup which he gave her, from which they alternately slaked their thirst.

The physician was skillfull, and applied with discretion the remedies which the experience of ages in the hands of educated and wise men had been demonstrated to be of value in such cases, and with the watchful care of her sister teachers, by whom she was greatly beloved, health in due time returned, and with it came back the dimpled cheek, the rosy lips, the brilliant eyes, the beautiful complexion, the joyous smile and all her pleasing ways.

One afternoon, as the pastor sat with her in the parlor, she was rehearsing the kindness that had been bestowed upon her during her illness, and said; "I learn, my dear pastor, that I am quite as much indebted to your care and interest for my restoration, as to any one, the physician himself not excepted, for which you will please accept my deepest gratitude."

"I feel that I have done no more than my duty under the *circumstances*," responded Robert.

What expectations, what blighted hopes, what dreams, what disappointments, what misery or happiness may be expressed or enshrouded in that long word, circumstances. It is circumstances that have made beings famous, and by which their disgrace has been made apparent; borne them on the wings of prosperity, or sunk them in the slough of adversity. Circumstances, under varying conditions, afford hope and peace, also their antithesis, misery and want; so in this case, Robert Graves meant more than was expressed in the simple expression, "under the circumstances."

Miss Moreland replied: "I do not know how it is, but in the present, and in previous conversations with you, I have often been reminded of an acquaintance of my early girlhood. Your sentiments are so much like him—a pure,

noble, boy; I often think of him, and though in later years I have lost all knowledge of him, yet I would give a great deal to see him, and doubtless, if I should meet him I would not know him now, but, strangely enough, I often look out in expectancy for him as though I expected to see him unchanged. Yet, I know long ere this he is grown to be a noble man, if so be he is living, and possibly, like myself, sadly changed by circumstances and rebuffs."

"Did you ever meet him, my kind pastor? His name was Robert J. Graves."

"Yes, Mary Moreland, I myself have the distinguished misery to be he, disconsolate and unhappy."

HER HISTORY.

You remember my father was a ship builder. About the last tidings I ever had from you, about the time you entered the high school at S———, he had bargained to build ships for a company in Canada, and moved to Toronto. I was permited every oportunity to acquire an education, and with all became proficient in music. It was also said I possessed a beautiful voice for singing, which I also cultivated under the instruction of the best masters. Entering society among the elite in canada, and being flattered and courted by rich noblemen and their sons and daughters, my mother, a high spirited woman, had contemplated what was to her great hopes for my future. This was nothing less than to become the wife of a nobleman, in the English signification of that term.

Among those who sought my company and favor was a nobleman's son, who, after a short acquaintance, offered me his hand and fortunes, all in good faith as I supposed from his protestations. Reluctantly I at length accepted him. I say reluctantly, for my heart could never be his. In secret it had already been given away, and, as I believed, had been responded to in my girlhood, as I had already read in the expression of your eyes, and never

and never could I change. Yet I never heard from you after we moved; indeed, I did not know but you had quite forgotten me now—or at least, remembered me only as an acquaintance or a friend. I confessed all these facts substantially to this young man, but he declared his life devoted to my happiness, should win my schoolgirl love back to him.

Finally, convinced against my will I at last consented, and the day was set for our nuptials; But he exacted a pledge from me that I was not to mention it at present, not even to my nearest and dearest friends. In a few days he came to me, and said that the opposition of his parents would preclude the possibility of making our wedding public, for a while, but that, when united and our destinies irrevokably fixed, his father would overlook what would seem to be an unavoidable fault, and forgive him. I demurred at this, told him I should consult my parents, that in my judgement a girl should never risk an action where experience is required, without consulting her mother.

But he persisted, and persuaded, and promised it should forever be all right—said he could not live without me, that his happiness in fact depended upon my acquiescence in his plans.

I finally permitted myself to be led astray. I consented and accompanied him to his residence, where, as I supposed, at the hour of eleven at night I was married to him. The clergyman, as I took him to be, gave me a certificate of marriage—here it is, (drawing it from her bosom,) saying, I've carried it ever since.

No sooner than the clergyman, with the attendant, had left the room, two masked men entered from the rear of the building, and with drawn revolvers confronted us, saying: "Lisp a sound and you shall die!" One of the men, stepping toward my husband said: "Ignoble wretch, remember est thou poor Helen who by your fiendish acts sank into

a premature grave, broken hearted? I give you one minute to confess your crime on this fair girl, or your soul shall awake in pandemonium, where it rightfully belongs."

The cringing wretch, my husband, stood up before me, and confessed our marriage had been only a farce—that he had intentionally deceived me, and that he had been conniving to accomplish my ruin. He would have said more but I sprang to leave the room, the other man however, interposed and said, "No, wait a minute, and you shall go in safety."

As I turned, the foremost man was standing over the cringing parasite, my husband, and applying a box and a little strap to his forehead, I heard a sudden click, and when he removed it there was branded with an indelible ink across his forehead, the unmistakable letters:

"SCOUNDREL."

"There," said the man, "go thou, with the curse of innocence, with this label, that you may henceforth be understood and known, suffering the well merited fate of every person, whose poisonous breath defames the character of virtue and true worth."

This done, the man stood aside and I fled, reaching my home at a quarter to twelve. I never divulged the secret to my mother, for I knew what pain it would give her, and how depressing it would be to her proud spirit. I immediately made application to proper authorities, who furnished me transportation to this heathen land, as an instructress; here I am, the bride of a minute, the cajoled of an impostor, with a heart lonely and empty save the niche which I trust Christ occupies.

Robert scanned the certificate of marriage. "Yes Mary" said he, "you are to-day the lawful wife of that despicable man; that certificate bears my own signature, it was I who married you. I robbed myself of you to save you."

"God protect us," exclaimed the trembling woman,

"what other dreadful thing can follow in this train. I'll go to London immediately and telegraph to know if that miscreant still survives."

The first ship that sailed, her name appeared upon the register. Arriving in London, she sent a cablegram, and was informed that the man she sought, Lord Virmifuge, was dead, and at that moment, lying in state at his own residence, having died suddenly of sun stroke.

She immediately dispatched a letter to Robert Graves, to hasten to Toronto as witness to the legality and verity of her marriage.

That same day, a steamer was to start for America, and upon it she took passage. Arriving finally in safety in Toronto, she remained with her parents in great seclusion until Robert arrived, whereupon she presented to the authorities her certificate and also the testimony of the clergyman who performed the ceremony. The evidence was conclusive and satisfactory, and shortly after the Canadian papers announced that by the death of Lord Virmifuge his beautiful young wife, who had been traveling in China, had become heir to a million five hundred thousand dollars, besides many farms in the vicinity of Toronto.

The next issue of the papers contained the record of the marriage of Lord Virmifuge's widow to Rev. Robert J. Graves of Hong Kong, China.

LOU POMEROY,

OR

HOW NEAR A BEAUTIFUL AND INNOCENT GIRL CAME OF BEING HANGED ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A POEM OF MODERN TIMES.

Y youthful friend was thoughtless as the sparrow
That culls to-day nor thinks of the to-morrow.
As wild as the gazelle on its native plain,
Nor dreamed of sorrow or its withering pain.
Her soul was free from guile as the timid fawn,
And beautiful as pure. Beauty's magic spell
Was ne'er unlocked to adorn one half so well.
A celestial blue dazzled in her bright eyes,
And her features, like one had drop'd from the skies
Her voice as silvery as the harp's sweetest strain
When thrummed to unite in a true love's refrain.
I had loved her long—when children together
Soul met soul and we were "birds of a feather."
But as the years rolled by, I thought I could see
That Lou's whole heart was not centered upon mê.
Fair fortune had crossed the threshold of her door,
But deserting me had left me very poor—
Or, rather, *found* me poor, and ne'er sought the joy

To elevate to wealth a poor orphan boy.
I had for long been Lou's father's "righthand man"—
It "took me to execute and him to plan."
I desired to plan, and sought many a way
That I might become his son-in-law some day.
To Lou, on the sly, I lived true devotion—
And longed for the day of hoped for promotion.
One day as we sat in the parlor alone,
Had been talking about the strange telephone.
I said, if she was absent, far, far away,
And was listening, I had something I would say.
Well, she replied, let us play "beyond the sea;"
Then, like in childhood, you can be more free.

Then I told her how I loved her,
How precious she had been to me
How my life was centered in her
Since happy hours of childhood glee.
How I'd hoped she might love me,
With the devotion of her heart;
If so, how blessed my life would be
To bask in bliss her smiles impart.
That happiness was not for me
When separated from her side—
And that, I'd hoped, 'twas God's decree
To give her to me as my bride.

"Ah, sir, there are mountains between thee and me,
An impassible gulf—spanned by the sea.
My father is proud of his long honored name,
And desires me to wed for riches and fame.
A young man has offered, a stranger to thee,
And my father awaits an answer from me.
True, in youth we were happy and united,
And it seems sad that our hopes should be blighted.

But pa tells me, 'there is policy in war—'
But who sees policy in what they abhor?
Yet, perchance, it is better that I obey,
Gain a father's blessing and go not astray."

"But, Ah, dear Lou, now tell me true,
Did you not love me when a child?
When I and you roamed the woods through
And by strange tales your fears beguiled?
O, confess that you loved me then!
'Twill lend joy to my future thought—
'Twill cheer me through many a fen
To know my dreams were not for naught."

"Yes, Charles, I then loved you with a childish love—
We chose the same stars in the heavens above—
We thought alike, dreamed alike, and hoped the same,
And ne'er gave a thought to future wealth or fame.
Like the busy bee who springs from flower to flower
So we sipped pleasures in every passing hour.
Day by day, hand in hand, we walked side by side,
Nor e'er knew of distinctions of wealth and pride."

"But, dear Lou, love comes down from God—
Heaven above its native sphere—
It rules with an unswerving rod,
Eternity is but its year.
If you loved me as I have thee
Your soul can ne'er be drawn away—
Sever the chain nor set you free
From Love's eternal changeless sway.
O, Lou, seek down deep in your heart,
And see if there's will to sever,
And say to me, for aye depart,
To see me no more forever!"

"O, Charles, I can not, will not, let thee go!
As the waves on the ocean shall ebb and flow
And the stars shall shine in the deep azure blue,
So will I be devoted to thee—and true."

Then I caught the maid to my heart—
I pressed her trembling lips to mine—
O God! that we could never part!
'Twould be heaven and bliss divine!

Well, the weeks and months wore rapidly away—
Ah, how evanescent is youth's golden day;
In rapid succession the year follows year,
Whither our lives are sad or filled with good cheer.
Thus the bright spring days of my youth came and
went,
And few of them all in Lou's presence were spent:
But there was a beautiful forest hard by,
Where the birds built their nests on the boughs so high,
And sang through the summer days so joyfully,
They oft caught a vision of sweet Lou and me.
But there was a sad day coming by and by,
When my heart should be weary, longing to die.
The young stranger of whom sweet Lou spoke to me,
Was pressing his suit each day more fervently.
And Lou's anxious father did oft' heave the sigh,
In awaiting so long his daughter's reply.
One day I had wandered away to the wood
Where I had oft' met Lou, so pure and so good,
And I saw a man as I gazed through the leaves,
Now plucks the wild flowers, and now blendingly
weaves.
He stood on the spot where I had often stood—
And seemed longing for what had been my soul's food.
By some chance, he'd seen Lou cross over the field,
And, longing to know what the chances might yield,

He'd declared by the heavens and stars above,
That here should be the place he'd confess his love.
Think of poor Lou's sad plight and consternation,
On reaching the wood in deep parturbation,
Instead of her Charley, another was there,
Wild hoping her love and affections to share.

I heard him tell her of all his love—
How he had prayed to God above—
How he had offered his wealth and life
If she would only become his wife.
How he thought her beautiful and fair,
That, with his flowers, she did well compare:
How he loved to gaze in her blue eyes
And behold fair heaven in disguise.
How through the day and nightly dreams
She through his dazed restless fancy teems.
That, if her soul she could not give
He had lost desire henceforth to live.

"Young man," she said, "you can be no more to me
Than the furthest stranger whom I never see.
My heart and soul is plighted to another
More precious then friend or father or brother.
I pray you desist this fatal, futile strife,
For it is fixed I shall never be your wife."
At this juncture she was about to depart
But he caught her—would have pressed her to his heart,
And there ensued a struggle—my Lou was brave,
Grasped a missile and threatened him with a stave,
Told him she would have him arrested for crime
And for living a fool on death's purloined time.

Then, hopeless, like a madman in dispair,
He raised aloft his arm—flung back his hair,
Placed a revolver to his wand'ring brain,
Shot, and fell back, and never spoke again.

Poor Lou, quick retraced her steps in wild alarm
When he raised his weapon with flourishing arm —
Nor dared to look behind, for in the fierce strife,
She thought his intention was to take her life;
That, really, the pistol at herself was fired,
When thwarted in the hopes his dreams had conspired.
For myself, mid doubts and fears I shied away,
And hid in the forest till the close of day.
When night arrived I crept softly from my lair,
And half in hope and half in wild dispair,
I placed as many miles 'tween that place and me
As stalwart will and and struggling limbs could decree.
When I emerged from the wood, a man I see,
But I wandered from him and he fled from me.
At last, I arrived at shore of the ocean,
There, paid my darling my last sad devotion.
Refered to nothing in the past, but our love,
And commending her to care of God above
On a whaling vessel I shipped the same day,
The canvas was unfurled and we sped away.

* * * * *

Neighbors heard the report of the pistol shot
And saw Lou flying wildly across the lot.
Then in great numbers they visited the wood,
And saw the leaves all disheveled where they stood.
Found the revolver a few feet from his side,
And the barrel stave which Lou had stern applied.
The dead man's parents were notified in haste,
And opinions were expressed to each one's taste.

Many wild ravings and many suspicions
Were thought and expressed, and the known positions
That obtained between the twain—his devotion—
And her apparent lack of love's emotion;
The great interest her father took in his suit,
These were the evidences brought by the astute,
And urged with vehemence worthy of the pit
Where wild winged devils are said to howl and flit.
One who to vast depths of wisdom did aspire,
Claimed "that where is so much smoke must be some fire."
Just then, by direct, but some mysterious power,
The sky was o'ercast by a miniature shower,
And a thunderbolt from Jehovah came down,
And smote that wise, great man with a deadly frown.
Lou explained all, as well as her poor heart could,
But to no purpose—she was not understood:
And despite her claim, and most piteous wail,
Arrested for murder, was dragged to the jail.

* * * * *

On board a whaling ship is little joy,
As the human soul can reasonably employ.
Each sailor is expected to know his place,
And if he don't know he'll hear with fiendish grace.
The arrangement, on board, was, "each for himself:
And all to shair equal, in the general pelf,"
Then each gives his share for the captain and boat,
For a certain sum, as long as they should float.

We had not been many days from the home shore
When we discovered a dozen whales or more.
Then commenced the fray—and all the live long day
We flung the spears, and pursued them on their way.
Days, weeks and months passed wearily away,

Sometimes, depressed, at other times, all gay.
But much like ordinary life on the shore,
More downs than ups by full many a sad score.
But the Lord was kind, I'm free to confess--
And the whales often came on treasures to bless.

A congenial chum on the ship I had found,
And we each in the bonds of friendship were bound.
One day, he gave me a history of his life--
(A sailor's land life is with incidents rife.)
And among other things he said: "on the shore,
Once he was wandering a fair country o'er,
And made it a practice to bunk out at night,
Providing with his gun, for his appetite.
He was hunting through a wood one afternoon,
And beheld a sight would make a brave man swoon.
He saw a man stand by a beautiful girl,
Whose complexion was fair as mother of pearl;
He tried to persuade her, to give him her heart--
That this bliss alone could only soothe his smart.
The lady then told him, it never could be--
Her heart was another's by Heaven's decree;
And as she turned away and sped from his side,
He wildly sent a ball through his brain, and died.
I stayed until night in the wood's deepest gloom,
And then started forth, if in the world was room
For a man, who 'gainst mankind had no ill will,
But would rejoice, if all, of joy, had their fill."

Come to compare notes, the time and the place,
I discovered 'twas *his outline*, I traced
On that memorable night, when face to face
My life and destiny seemed empty space.
His eyes had once beheld my loving Lou!
Saw her daring bravery and rapid flight,

While there was no being who would pursue
To punish or to menace her to fright.
"My friend," said I, "I have dreamed a sad dream.
I dreamed I saw Lou in a prison cell—
I beheld fierce demons around her teem,
And gibbering devils fresh fledged from h——
I've many times wondered if it could be
That the poor sweet child could be held for his life;
My nights are sad--there is no joy for me--
My waking moments full of doubts and strife.
My friend, something tells me 'take the first ship—
Both of you go and set out for the shore,'
For 'there's many a slip 'tween cup and lip,'
And fortune skips when there's an open door.' "
That self same day a ship hove in our view,
We signalled her as if in some distress;
And once on board, the favorite winds blew,
And sped us toward lands we longed to caress.

* * * * *

Poor innocent Lou, bereft of every friend—
No being on earth a friendly hand to lend.
Thy father, alone, believes thee free and true,
But he, burns with the words "good enough for you!
You might had a husband with millions of gold,
But instead, 'your birthright for pottage' you sold!
And at least, indirectly, you caused his death—
By refusal, and desertion, in a breath."
Month after month listened to Lou's hopeless wail,
Incarcerated within a damp, cold jail.
The people outside with relentless accord
Pronounced her miseries merited, though hard.
The news papers took up the deadly refrain,
Whether for hoped for fame or for golden gain,
They claimed if this wild creature was let go free

To wreak her vengence on every man she see,
Who to her designs a barrier interposed,
Then, we might yield up all law and be disposed
To let every murderer go on "SCOTT FREE,"
And have no laws to protect our liberty.
Men jeered her as she gazed through the iron bars—
The heavens above seemed brass, and the cold stars
Gazed down in silence upon her anguish deep,
While the lone blithe cricket chirped her to sleep.
Oft in her wild moans did she tearfully say,
O Charley, why did you desert me that day?
Would God that there did one human heart remain
Who could sympathize in my misery and pain!
O my mother! if thou hadst been left to me,
There had been one friend left on life's desert sea.
Thou Savior of the innocent! take thy child;
Take me from this sad world with sin so defiled."

* * * * *

But at last, the day came, she was to be tried—
By a "jury select" and the "county's pride."
That is, they were proud to "own some real estate,"
But scarcely a thought dwelt in their empty pate.
Uneducated as the wild braying ass,
Who roams the seared heath and clips the shriveled grass.
Men, wise in their own conceit, such as the fool
Who thought 'twas God's service to desert his school.
"Men who had expressed nor formed an opinion,"
Brainless, and thoughtless, the devils own minion!
This, the class of men, pure innocence to try—
And decide a Christian being's destiny!
Such as constitute many a court to-day,
Where happiness and life are frittered away·

So, the crier announced the judges report.
And poor trembling Lou was brought forth into court.

PART OF THE INDICTMENT.

And whereas, on the day and date aforesaid, the said Lou Pomeroy, with malice aforethought, instigated by the devil, that evil one, and without fear of God before her eyes, did maliciously, feloniously and criminally, in order to gratify her unholy ambition, and to maintain criminal associations with a certain man whom her father dispised, conceived, concocted and schemed, set on foot, developed and accomplished the dastardly act of shooting with a deadly weapon, a pistol, loaded with powder, caps and leaden bullets, held in her own hand, and discharged by wilfully pulling the trigger of the same, without extraneous influence, and of her own free will, first having pointed the said pistol, with intent to kill, at the head of one David Whiffletree. The bullet entering the right temple of the said Whiffletree just above the ear, and by reason of which the said David Whiffletree succomed, expired and died. To all of which she was asked to reply if she was guilty.

Poor, modest Lou, overwhelmed with this tirade of abuse and meaningless gabble, while her beautiful eyes were suffused with tears, in a very demure manner replied: "No."

Lou had a tedious trial—day after day
She came in court and heard what men *could* say.
One man testified "that she conceived the plan
Of going to the woods to meet the young man,
With the full intent, to take his precious life,
Because her father wanted her to be his wife!
On cross examination, the man confessed,
That he had communion with souls of the blessed.
That departed spirits from the great unknown

Had divulged this case and all its secrets shown.
And he was the vessel the spirits had chose
In which all its intricacies should repose.
Some said he was a crank, but others beleived
That 'twas scarcely probable he was deceived."
A dozen swore they saw her flee from the wood
And saw in the wood where they together stood.
They saw the old stave with splinters on the side,
Which doubtless *he* used his safety to provide,
Against the missile aimed at his sacred head
By the shrewd female criminal "aforesaid."
Some testified, that the leaves, which were reviewed,
Disclosed that a fierce scuffle had ensued,
And the final result, all made very plain,
In the death of a man who had loved in vain.
The distance the pistol was laid from the man—
A map was shown, which was a surveyor's plan:
"This of itself, was almost evidence complete,
That, after he fell, she flung it at his feet."
A tithe of the *evidence* we cannot adduce:
Of the false allegations and low abuse.
And though ably defended, 'twas plain to see
That prejudice and feeling in great degree
Stood vastly against her—and the jury too,
Would quite often grin as they looked up at Lou,
As much as to say: "ah, my young lady fair,
Justice will at last come forth for her true share:
And while you weep and mop your eyes with your hair
They shall laugh at your calamity and despair!"
There was one thing transpired which was thought to be
Exceedingly pertinent testimony.
Where fragments of papers were all gathered up
And united once more from the old glue cup,

As was thought, led to the deep scheme's exposure,
And when read, made the following disclosure:

"Whatever is done in this ◯ line, must be in great secrecy, and without demonstration or observation, as its discovery would doubtless be fatal to hopes and expectations. C. V. D."

This was alleged to be a premeditated scheme for the assassination; the characteristic ring or round O, indicating the bullet, and the whole article, indicated that Mr. C. V. D. who left about the time of the murder, might have been her accomplice.

In Lou's testimony, she stated that the round O, or ring, represented the eternal friendship and fidelity they had pledged each other, and that anything demonstrative in the way of manifesting this attachment, would be objected to by her father, and Charley would consequently lose his place. At this explanation, the whole court-room rang with laughter and jeers.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE TO THE JURY.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, you have carefully and attentively listened to the evidence adduced in this trial. You have heard all the evidence of the prosecution as also that of the defense. It appears in evidence that the defendant was, on a certain day, in a certain piece of forest, and that at that time there was heard the report of a pistol. Immediately thereafter, the defendant was seen to emerge from the forest and run across the field. The forest was immediately searched, and a young man found there dead by reason of a bullet shot through his brain. The scattered and upturned leaves, and the stave, disclosed the fact that there had been a scuffle.

You will have to take into consideration, the fact of these two individuals being in the forest at the same time,

the objects, incentives &c. You must also decide if this scuffle was between the defendant and the man now dead.

You will try to explain to your satisfaction, the meaning of the restored note of the young man to the defendant.

It appears that there was a pistol used by some party, which pistol after having been discharged with fatal results, was placed near the feet of the dead man. You are to decide whether this pistol was held and discharged by the defendant, and if you find this to be the fact in the case; the next question will be, if this action was done in self defence or through a malicious intent. On the other hand, you are to decide whether the man in question was shot by defendant, by some other person unknown, or whether he shot himself.

In the defense we have only one evidence outside of the testimony of the prisoner herself, and that is, the location, of the wound. It has been ably argued that if a struggle had taken place between the parties, and she had drawn a revolver, it would be natural for the person engaged in the melee to have been retreating, or standing facing the person with whom he was struggling, in which case, he would have received the shot from in front or rear of the body, instead of the side of the head. All of which are respectfully submited for your careful deliberation."

When that jury arose, every man but one,
Was ripe for conviction, as when they begun.
One man stood out, and said: "he could not see,
How that timid girl, known from childhood, to be
Free from every guile, and *never owned fire-arms*,
And only dangerous in womanly charms,
Could have secured a pistol, and learned its use,
Conceived and planned, and the young stranger induced
To meet her in the forest, where a fierce strife
Ensued, because she could never be his wife:

And the final turning of his head to one side,
For her shot, a convenient spot to provide:
And that bullet ranging *upward* through the brain,
Instead of downward, or on a level plain.

These were questions which he could not as yet solve
And was therefore, not ready to make resolve."
At this juncture the telephone bell rang out,
And answering the summons, was heard the shout:
"All evidence closed in the Pomeroy trial?"

"Yes, the jury are closeted in their room at this time," was the reply.

"You are directed to reopen court and recall the jury for further evidence."

"Very well, but by whose order?" demanded the judge.

"By the Governor of the State, your honor."

"Aye, Aye:" responded the judge, through the telephone. Again the telephone bell rang, and the question came: "Jury all present?" "Yes," was the reply. "Very well; there are two gentlemen of known probity now in the Executive Chamber, who assert they have personal knowledge of the circumstances attending the death of David Whiffletree. They will now testify through the telephone, which you will report word for word to the jury."

Charles Van Dyke, called: Age twenty-two: was living in the Pomeroy family at the time of the death of David Whiffletree; was in the woods on the day and at the time when David Whiffletree died; saw Whiffletree offer to embrace Lou Pomeroy, she repelled him, and upon refusal, he drew a revolver, and placing it to his temple, fired, and fell dead in his tracks.

Simon Copperfield, called: Age thirty-three: was at one time Chief of Police in Amsterdam; got into bad

habits, and wandered away. In my wanderings I was in the forest at——, on the day and at the time mentioned by Van Dyke: I was there a hunting: I saw the scuffle between David Whiffletree and Lou Pomeroy: I saw Whiffletree raise his arm, holding aloft a pistol—at that instant the woman turned about and ran from the woods, and Whiffletree immediately brought the revolver to his temple, fired it off, and fell dead.

The result of this timely evidence can be imagined better than expressed. But there arose the wildest shouts for joy, that ever before or since rang through that courthouse. Men shouted and danced, women cried and clapped their hands for joy, and the judge and jury found ample pursuit in wiping their tearful eyes.

Lou Pomeroy was of course pronounced not guilty, and a few weeks after, she was wedded to Charles Van Dyke, the successful whaler, who by acting from the promptings of a dream upon his conscience, rescued from the gallows the innocent and lovely woman, who finally became his true and loving wife.

MORAL.

1st. Extend Civil Service Reform to embrace a Commission, who, at proper times, shall examine into the qualifications of certain individuals, nominated by Town Supervisors, which persons, after passing examination, shall be deemed eligible to act, and be competent as jurymen. Place the standard high. Maintain the right of choice.

2nd. Attaint no person's liberty, nor abridge his claims to sympathy, or his right to life or the pursuit of happiness, or his claim to respectful consideration, by reason of prejudice. Let every man be deemed innocent till condemned by satisfactory testimony by a tribunal competent to judge.

HUSBANDRY,

OR

FISH CAUGHT ON THE HILLS.

THE glowing hills, the river and ravine,
That basks in the sun and moon's silver sheen,
And broad green fields, and luxuriant soil,
Woos mankind to agriculture and toil.
Wealth that the depths of ocean out-measures,
With all its bright gems and hidden treasures;
That pales the Pacific's golden mountains,
And the dust in California's fountains,
Are the waving fields of wheat, corn, and rye,
That, over the land, greets the entranced eye.
They afford increase for each hour of toil,
And grant independence and golden spoil.
They clip the fleece that keeps the nations warm,
And afford protection, in clouds and storm.
Travelers tell us of the Golconda gold—
Of bright, precious ores on the mountains bold,
Others tell tales of the dust of Black-hills—
And praise the gems that sparkle in her rills.
To the hungry, 'tis commonplace matter,

Compared with the transformed pan-cake batter,
With nice, sweet butter, right fresh from the churn,
And maple syrup, that makes the heart yearn.
There's alike satisfaction, joy and peace,
In cream biscuit made with cream and not *grease*.
And poultry—fresh—transformed by woman's skill,
That says to the appetite, peace—be still!
All the silver ore in fair Nevada.
And the sweetest waters of Bethsaida,
A starving man would exchange—and ask it,
For a quail-pie that would fill his basket.
A controlling share in the Iron Mountain,
And the most stock in Congress Fountain,
He'd almost exchange, *all the best things of life*,
For a hot short-cake made by Bradley's wife.
Each country home has a wife or daughter,
As near like "Brad's" as water is water.
Gold-bearing coupons have transcending force,
Oft turn the river of fame in her course,
Making heroes of gigantic ciphers,
And soft brains become their flattering lifers;
But what e'er the value, living or dead,
How sadly they pale compared with sweet bread!
Fame, Alas! hath her retinue of flies,
Sipping its pangs in deceptive disguise—
But give me the shade of the farmer's gourd,
While I smile in freedom at his cupboard.

* * * * *

The culmination of Heaven's toil
Was the gardener, who should till the soil.
Perchance, He might have made a better man—
But we accept His work—approve His plan.
Doubtless, when Time was young, and all things new,
All human vocations were in His view;

Each branch, doubtless, clamoring for fame,
For the proud honor of the *first* NAME.
But, He chose the Farmer, and called him "good"—
Gave him the garden in the flowery wood—
And the sequel, by the sewed leaves 'tis seen,
He also gave him a sewing machine;
And Adam as all his sons have been,
Sat a world of store by that "machine."

I've watched the farmer fresh from his plow,
With sun browned hands and ruddy brow;
With his wife, and the boys, and the fair girls,
(Who to this day favor Eve in her curls,)
In her sweet grace, her lovliness and mien;
And the same will——("to run the machine.")
They, with noble steeds and spotless coach,
Enter the city; I've seen them approach
The milionaire merchant, his entire store
Is at his command, meets him at the door.
The clerks slyly desert the blear eyed snob,
Whose nose is crowned with a minature fob,
To wait on the farmer's girls, because,
Of all success, they're the great first cause.

* * * * *

When we cast our eyes o'er earth's extension—
Through telescope of imagination,
And behold th'wonders of every nation
That has existed since the creation,
We find ourselves without expectation
Lost in revery and veneration.
We trace them back with discrimination,
And discern perfect explication,
From his hand of exemplification.

That, in fact, he has furnished every means—
Fostered each enterprise with pork and beans.
The nation's capitol is under his control,
His wife may supervise the nation's poll;
By teaching the boys the way they should go.
And when they get grown, "go courting" *we know.*
What vast public works are built by his cash!
'Tis for him, specially, savings banks crash!
Shrewdest schemes, and wild enterprises, soon,
But for him, would "go up in a balloon."
He supports idle scoundrels in the jail—
While their families dip in the poor-house pail.
Instead of the whipping-post, Reason's plan,
Which affords such a zest to "act the man."
He silently pays the tax on the bond
That the millionaire uses as a wand
Is used by the conjurer, to *deceive;*
Still, the farmer, does not grieve,
But pays tax on his farm year after year,
And the bond-holder, from taxation clear,
Smiles with the farmer and bids him good cheer,
Often *wishing* him a happy New Year.
He loves the simmering of the spider
And delights to sip the good man's cider
Enjoys the eggs and the sweet ginger bread
And the pleasure of his soft feather bed.
Farmers ne'er make a tear of sorrow flow—
His approach is as angels come and go.
Few foster literature more than he,
And none strive more to maintain Liberty.
The Editor welcomes him to his roost,—
He knows he's able to give him a boost.

But, when the bond-holder comes in to loiter,
How glad he'd swap for the farmer's daughter.

And 'specially, so, if a single man
And made up after Heaven's great first plan!
The Doctor oft is the slave of caprice,
Has little joy, independence or peace—
Oft his efforts paid by ingratitude,
Dispels hope and every beatitude.
The pastor famishes on his doled fee,
And oft seeks the farmer at evening tea.
For ministers are mortal and can feel
An abiding trust in a good square meal.
Lawyers shear the wool and divide the fleece,
Create a bedlam and misname it peace.
Everybody is everybody's slave
All the way through from cradle to grave,
Except the farmer, who alone trusts God,
Smiles in healthful toil and upturns the sod.
And his daughters, free as the wild gazelle,
That skips o'er mountains and the sunlit dell,
Never schemes or stoops to pander or plot,
Nor scarce give a snap if you love or not.
She never hoards her money in a can,
Saying, "*this*, THIS is all that makes a man!"
The city 'tis true, has beautiful girls
Lovely and pure as the mother of pearls.
They'd make you a noble and splendid wife,
And with sunshine, drive the clouds from your life.

* * * * *

But see the angling city hero,
Hie to fields in early autum—
To hunt the fish on *lofty hills*,
And catch glimpses of "wandering dears!"
How he strives to form acquaintance—
"Learn of every bird its language,

Learn their names and all their secrets."
How they spend their hours in Summer,
Canning fruits and making garments,
Tilling flowers, sweet and fragrant,
Shedding smiles of joy around them,
Making home a very Heaven!
Bids them to his home in winter —
Gallants them in spotless Portland —
Talks with them where'er he meets them —
Calls them dears and pretty chickens,
And at last proud to call them wife!

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